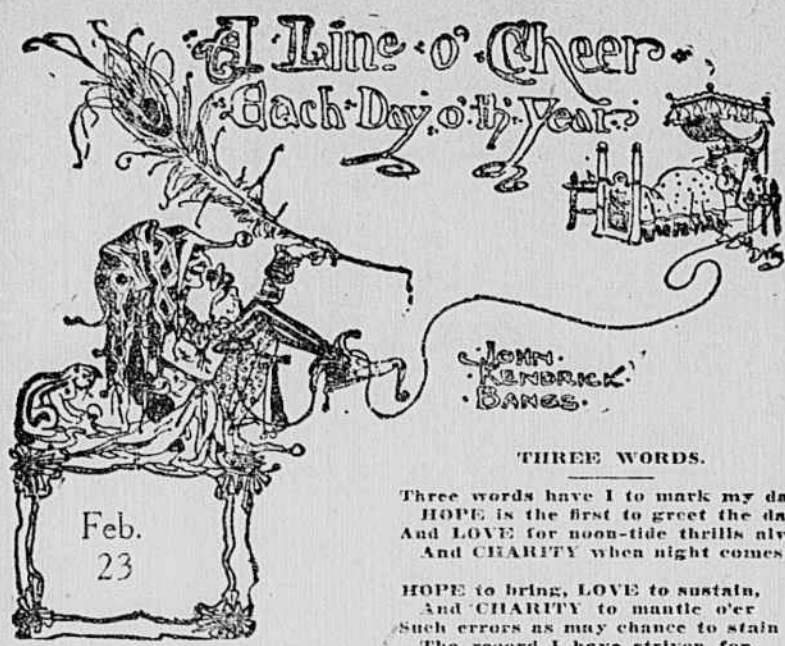


Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



THREE WORDS.

Three words have I to mark my day—
HOPE is the first to greet the dawn,
And LOVE for noon-tide thrills always,
And CHARITY when night comes on.

HOPE to bring, LOVE to sustain,
And CHARITY to mantle o'er
Such errors as may chance to stain
The record I have striven for.



Trial of the Mafia.

It is close to twenty-three years ago that the death-knell of the Mafia in America was sounded, rung by the best citizens of New Orleans in their fury of what they believed was a miscarriage of justice. This organization was originally a political one in Italy, but in this country it had degenerated to a band of assassins. New Orleans, in a measure, was its headquarters, and this city found the most difficulty in its suppression, and it was the people and not the law that brought it about.

The means to the end of the organization was the murder of Chief of Police David C. Hennessy, of New Orleans. The Mafia, or rather the Stomachera, the proper name of the order, consisted of a large number of Italians, mostly Sicilian by birth, their early leader having been Giuseppe Esposito, who had been driven out of his own country by the Italian government. There had been a number of assassinations in New Orleans that were traceable to this organization, but no arrests had been made, for so secretly did the body work that it was impossible to detect them.

The capture of the brigand Esposito in 1881, and his surrender to the Italian government, resulted in several killings. The Stomachera determined to avenge the betrayal of their comrade. Engrossed in his search to weed out this murderous organization, Chief of Police Hennessy had no idea that he was being watched. He probably knew nothing of a certain Italian neighbor of his, Monasterio by name, lately arrived from abroad, occupying a shanty fifty yards from his house.

It was nearly time for Hennessy to spring the trap and to make a full exposure, when late one evening, as he drew near home, a boy ran in front of him and gave a peculiar whistle. The next moment the chief was a dying man. Bullets were three cruel rents in his chest and abdomen, his right knee and his left hand were shot through, and his face, arms and neck were frightfully mutilated.

Within ten minutes of the shooting the immigrant was seized in his shanty. Other arrests followed, but only eleven were held, and only nine finally prosecuted. The trial provided that Hennessy's assassin hid in Monasterio's hut, and that an Italian boy was posted to notify them of Hennessy's approach. The deadly weapons were found, six shotguns, five with barrels sawed off and a dagger, hinged so that they could be doubled up and carried under the clothing.

Hennessy had been murdered on October 15, 1890, and the Italians who were arrested in connection with the deed remained in prison until the early part of March of the following year, when they were placed on trial before Judge Baker, the hearing of evidence requiring about a week. A verdict was rendered on Friday, March 13, 1891. The judge, usually imperturbable, was observed, when the paper was handed him, to look at it for a moment in stupefaction. No wonder! Six of the culprits were acquitted, and in the case of three the jury disagreed, and not one was convicted. Some whispered "bribery," others "intimidation," but all agreed that such a fiasco was an outrage.

Awaiting a trial upon a second indictment and joyfully reckoning upon a similar result next time, the accused were again locked in their cells. At the moment the doors closed behind them a vigilance committee of well-known citizens were writing a call for a mass meeting for the following morning at the Clay Statue in the New Orleans Square.

The assemblage was so large at this meeting that it blocked the street cars and climbed upon them. What was the result of this meeting? The citizens took the law in their own hands. A mob—but in good order—started for the parish prison, where the prisoners were confined. They battered down the doors. Nine of the prisoners were put to death in various ways by the mob, and two of them were hanged outside of the prison walls.

The press had unanimously denounced the verdict and declared that the jury had been bought. The grand jury, even on the day of the mob killing, had found indictments against two men charged with tampering with the jury. The jurors did not appreciate the public sentiment on the outside and were surprised at the popular indignation. The trial of the Mafia cost the city more than \$200,000, and then a miscarriage of justice.

The incident opened grave international complications which Secretary of State Blaine handled with skill. Twenty-five thousand dollars were finally distributed among the families of the murdered men. On March 17, three days after the prisoners were disposed of, several arrests were made for bribery of the jury, and on May 5, the grand jury, after an investigation for six weeks, indicted O'Malley and five associates for jury bribing, and accused three of the jury of being bribed, but refused to indict the jury. On July 8, Bernard Gladi was convicted of offering a bribe to a juror. On July 24, the last Mafia bribery case was ended with a verdict of not guilty, and on October 7 the State abandoned the case against O'Malley, which finally settled the whole affair.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

Spices should be kept in air-tight tins. Vegetables are best bought fresh, as they are best when used. Use the lightest weight utensils you can get in the kitchen. Paper should not be used in a larder—it is too absorbent. A wooden plate scraper is very useful when washing dishes. It pays to have cheap white china to use in the refrigerator. Japanese toweling makes pretty cushions for window seats and chairs. Every household should possess a linen closet with shelves and drawers. Have good light always in the kitchen and keep the room well aired. Have a roller on your pantry door. Boil a cracker dish for forty-five minutes in enough sweet milk to cover it.

FOR CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

BY FRANCIS MARSHALL.
Children like to be entertained. Usually, if they are entertained, they are good. So it is really worth while to have on hand plenty of ideas for entertaining them when they visit you.

One woman whom all children like always has a lot of pencil and paper games ready to play. She has children of her own, and, of course, their small visitors are usually entertained out of doors in pleasant weather. But when a rainy Saturday comes and the children flock indoors, she brings out her pencil and paper games. And on holidays and before bedtime in the evening her own children or their guests, find delight in the simple games she prepares.

These pencil and paper games take time, some of them, to prepare, but they cost almost nothing. Sometimes the children each draw a card on a narrow strip of paper and turn the card back, leaving two lines to mark the neck. Then they exchange papers and each child draws a body to the waist and including the arms, on somebody's head. Then the papers are exchanged again and each child draws legs and feet or a skirt. The papers change hands again, to be named, before they are opened.

Then there is an advertisement game. The mother pastes advertisements, cut from the magazines, of things children would be likely to know—breakfast food and milk chocolate and soap—on sheets of paper and pins them up about the walls for them to guess. Another game is more complicated. She pastes pictures on different sheets of paper to represent the streets of the town she lives in. A picture of Abraham Lincoln, for instance, suggests Lincoln Avenue. A picture of a skyscraper and a tall mountain means High Street, and so on. Again she places a blackboard at one end of the room and the children draw from her hand strips of paper bearing the names of animals to draw and then vote on each other's work to decide which is best. Or they draw the names of popular songs to illustrate—"Rockaby Baby," or "Home Sweet Home," for instance.

Refreshments.
The simplest sort of entertainment, if it is accompanied by refreshments, means a real "party" to children. Many mothers, or other grownups, hesitate about giving children's parties because of the fact that these entertainments upset the house, rather than being the trouble they give. So try a picnic party. Take up the rugs and put away everything that can be damaged. Ask the children to wear school clothes. Make a well-laid big jar or bucket of water, surrounded by greens or green paper. Fasten a little tin pail to a rope to lower into the well. Give each child a little basket containing lunch and a paper cup and let them camp about on cushions or grass mats on the floor. Such a "party" in the summer, out-of-doors on the lawn, is especially easy to engineer.

OUR BODIES.

—They need water.
—They need it in winter.
—They need more in summer.
—In fact, they need it all the time.
—For dyspeptics hot water is often best.
—A glass of water should be taken a half-hour before breakfast.
—Two and three glasses should be taken slowly between meals.
—Unless one eats directly before retiring water should be taken then.
—All water should be taken a swallow at a time, and it should not be too cold.

ALL the cheering refreshment that tea ever brought to womankind is blended in
Ridgways Tea

THE REINACH CO., Inc.
107 E. BROAD STREET.
MILLINERY—Women's and Misses' Outer Apparel.

DRINK FONTICELLO
MINERAL WATER
ASK YOUR DOCTOR

The sale you have been waiting for is on. Bargain Tables for the whole family.

Hohelme's
Third and Broad.

Country Butterbeans, lb. 25c
2 cans Virginia Herring Roe for 25c
Early June Beans, can 10c
Good 4-String Broom 20c

S. Ullman's Son
1820-1822 East Main Street,
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"Flowers of Guaranteed Freshness."
Tel. Madison 630.

The Comet Heater
Self Feeder
More sold than any other heater in Richmond. Prices, \$18.50 and \$22.50. Set up FREE.
Rountree-Sutherland-Cherry Corp.



A brim of black Milan straw, a crown of velvet and an u. A fantasy combined in a new fashion.

SOME BEST BEET DISHES

Here is a new dish that combines two sometimes unattractive vegetables in a most interesting manner. Cut freshly boiled beets in two and hollow out the halves. In this cavity place a spoonful of creamed spinach and serve hot. The same combination can also be prepared as a salad. The spinach in this case should not be creamed—simply boiled and chopped and seasoned with a French dressing, and the beets holding it should be set in white lettuce leaves.

Cream of beet soup is as unusual as it is delicious. To make it, chop well-cooked beets fine and simmer a cupful of them in a pint of mutton stock for fifteen minutes. Then rub them through a sieve. Mix two teaspoonfuls of flour with two of butter and add to the mutton stock and beet puree. Heat thoroughly, stirring constantly, and add to a pint of hot milk. Season with salt and pepper and serve hot.

Creamed beets can be prepared in this way: Slice boiled beets into a saucpan and moisten with a little clear stock. Beat the yolk of an egg with a cupful of cream and slowly add to the beets. Stir carefully all the time until the sauce is thick and then serve immediately.

Beets à la Chartreuse are prepared in this way: Cut boiled beets in quarter-inch slices and cut half as many slices of onion as there are beets. Put a slice of onion between two slices of beet, in sandwich fashion, and season lightly with salt, pepper and a little vinegar. Dip each sandwich in fritter butter and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper and serve piping hot.

A delicious relish is made of equal parts of grated horseradish, prepared with vinegar, and chopped boiled beets, mixed together.

Small whole beets or slices of larger beets can be used to garnish salads and cold meat dishes. They must, however, be used somewhat sparingly. A little beet goes a long way. Small beet dice arranged neatly about a mold of veal aspic, for instance, are good.

A good beet salad is this: Boil beets and remove the tops. Allow one beet for each person to be served. Stand them on white lettuce leaves and hollow out the centres with a silver spoon. Chop the whites of hard-boiled eggs and crumble the yolks. Mix the chopped whites, cold boiled or canned peas and mayonnaise together and fill the hollow beets. Garnish with the crumbled yolks.

MENU

Breakfast.
Baked Apples Sausage Cakes Oatmeal
Corn Muffins Coffee

Luncheon.
Baked Beans Boston Brown Bread
Tea
Orange Marmalade and Wafers

Dinner.
Cream of Celery Soup
Chicken Croquettes Cream Sauce
Apple Sauce Baked Potatoes
Corn
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Cup Custards Coffee

GOVERNOR OF MADRAS WILL OPEN TERMINALS

New Railroad Almost Spans Straits That Divide Ceylon and India.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

LORD PENTLAND, Governor of Madras, also non-in-law of the Viceroy of Ireland, and Sir Robert Chalmers, Governor of Ceylon, will to-day formally open the two terminals of the new railroad that almost spans—but not quite—the straits, fifty miles wide, that divide the island of Ceylon from the mainland of India.

The two terminals are within full sight of one another, and ferry boats bearing the railroad trains will traverse the intervening distance in about twenty minutes. So that it will not be possible to travel by train, without a break, from Point de Galle, the southernmost portion of Ceylon, where all the liners bound for China and Australia touch, to Calcutta, and even the northernmost frontiers of India, in the same cars.

The railroad on either side of the straits is built on concrete arches, resting upon a succession of rocks, that either emerge slightly above the waves or rise to immediately below the surface, the railroad resembling, in fact, which, due to the enterprise of Henry M. Flagler, connects Miami, Fla., with Key West.

These series of rocks have been famous from time immemorial as Adam's Bridge, and a sacred legend exists to the effect that an actual bridge once did exist clean across the rocks, from the mainland of India to Ceylon, built by the Rama King of Oude, worshipped as the God Vishnu. He built the bridge with the assistance of the monkeys, who have ever since been regarded in India as sacred, and of the bears, who, for some reason or other, have never received their fair share of credit in the matter.

The bridge had all been completed from shore to shore, except for a space of just five inches. To us twentieth-century mortals it would seem an easy thing to step across a gap of five inches, but to the monkeys, who are Indian gods, King Rama was in a dilemma. Even the monkeys scratched their heads in perplexity. Everything was at a standstill. Then there scuttled by a little gray squirrel, and when he asked what the trouble was about, and was told, he just said, "Oh, if that is all!" and laid himself down, stretching his body across the interval thus linking India to Ceylon. And then King Rama and all his host marched over the squirrel, and as King Rama passed over the squirrel, he scooped and stroked it once. And that is the reason why every squirrel in India has three dark-brown finger marks running along its back to-day.

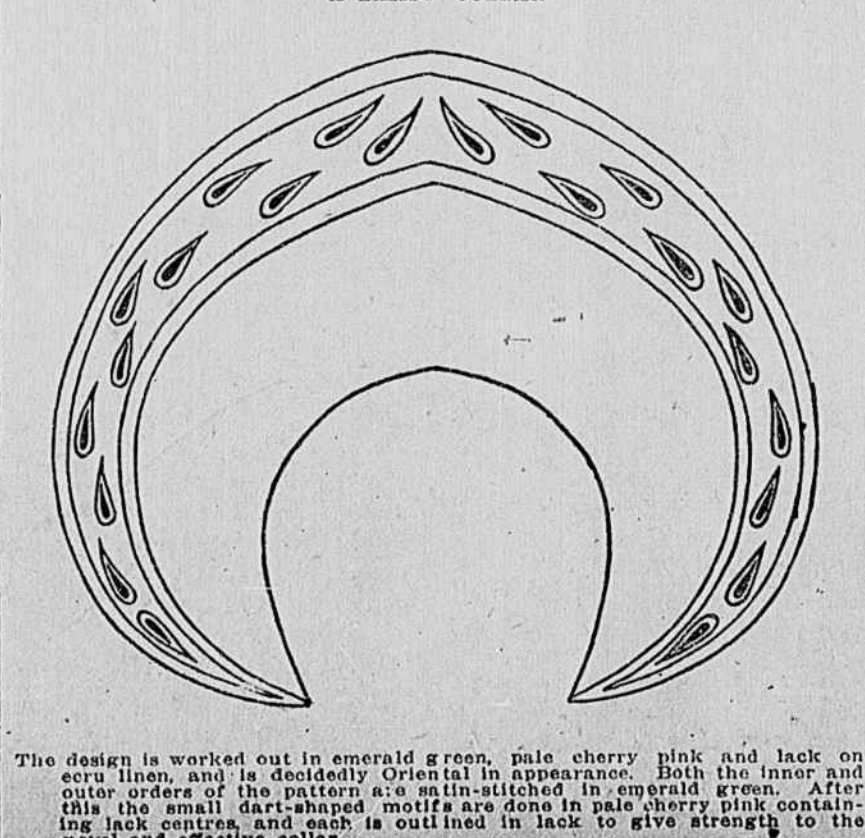
Baron Hans von Wangenheim, who two years ago succeeded his former chief, the late Baron Marschal von Bieberstein, as German ambassador at Constantinople, has become quite as much of a predominant figure at Stamboul as his predecessor, towering head and shoulders above the other envoys of the great powers—not only diplomatically, but also physically. For he is very tall, burly, and jovial, with something of the swagger of a cavalry officer.

His influence over the Sublime Porte is even greater than that of Marschal von Bieberstein. For not only has he succeeded in inducing the sultan to confide the entire reorganization and virtual control of the Ottoman army to a mission of three-score or more Prussian officers, headed by General of Division Liman von Sanders, despite the fact that the Turkish disasters in the recent war in the Balkans were ascribed to German military training, but he has also managed to secure for his country absolute control of the railroad through Asia Minor from the banks of the Taurus in the north to the shores of the Black Sea, to Bagdad on the Tigris. The railroad passes through the most fertile region on the face of the globe, rich also in mineral wealth. His victory has given great satisfaction at Berlin, and caused corresponding disgust in London, Paris and St. Petersburg.

Baron von Wangenheim has a number of relatives of his name living in America, in New York and elsewhere, and was a frequent visitor to the United States when minister plenipotentiary to Mexico. In 1886 he married a German-American girl, daughter of a naturalized American citizen, Lucy Ahrensfield, of New York. But the union proved unhappy, and was ended by the German divorce courts in 1897. The dissolution of the marriage was preceded by a sensational duel with Count Waldemar Uzkull-Gyllenbend, an officer of the Wurtemberg army, who a few weeks after the divorce became the lady's husband.

If the duel attracted so much attention, it was first of all on account

A BAKST COLLAR



The design is worked out in emerald green, pale cherry pink and black on a white ground, and is decidedly Oriental in appearance. Both the inner and outer orders of the pattern are satin-stitched in emerald green. After this the small dart-shaped motifs are done in pale cherry pink containing black centers, and each is outlined in black to give strength to the novel and effective collar.

of the savagery with which it was fought, both combatants sustaining dangerous wounds, and secondly, because Von Wangenheim, who was secretary of the Prussian legation at Stuttgart, had as second no less a personage than his chief, the Prussian minister plenipotentiary, Von Holleben. Dueling is forbidden by law in Germany, aiding and abetting one of the secretaries of his mission on the field of honor, aroused a considerable amount of criticism.

Von Holleben, however, was able to satisfy the Kaiser, that Baron von Wangenheim had no alternative but to fight the count, to avenge the injury to his honor, and a few weeks after was himself promoted to the post of German ambassador at Washington, while Baron von Wangenheim, on his recovery, was advanced to a consular position of legation, besides receiving a decoration.

In 1902 Baron von Wangenheim led the Altar Baronsess Joanna von Spitzberg. He is a man of exceedingly forceful methods and imperious manner, but can be at times very persuasive and tactful. Thus, in 1909, when war was almost brought about between Germany and France through the French seizure of German boats at Casablanca, of deserters from the French Foreign Legion who were of German birth, he succeeded, as the German charge d'affaires in Morocco, in bringing about a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty. It was as a minister plenipotentiary to Athens, and promoted three years later, at the personal instance of the Kaiser, to the post of ambassador at Constantinople.

So many people from the New World are now accustomed to visit British East Africa each spring, for the sake of shooting lions, elephants, and other big game, that it may be as well to warn them that the natives in the British protectorate, and especially along its borders, have become of late exceedingly ugly, that a wholesale surrection of the blacks against the whites is regarded as imminent, and that preparations are being made by the various settlers for their defense in case of trouble.

The British military forces in the region are ridiculously small in number and totally inadequate, and the settlers, having found that their appeals to the government for protection have not met with the proper response, are now purchasing machine guns, etc., and are fortifying their houses with a view to defense.

That the situation is extremely serious, not to say critical, is admitted by telegraphic dispatches from Nairobi and other central points of the protectorate, to the London Times and its principal contemporaries, and within the last few weeks there have been a number of skirmishes with the natives in the northern portion of the protectorate, in which several English officers have lost their lives, and some have been quite seriously wounded.

It will be well, therefore, to bear in mind that, while there is plenty of excitement to be obtained in East Africa, both now and in the near future, it is scarcely the place for a mere pleasure jaunt.

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MARK "TWIN SAID:
"A man becomes old when he begins to juggle with two pairs of glasses."

Of course, the logical remedy for this is a pair of double lenses or bifocals—not the old kind, with the objectionable and disfiguring line,—but

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